

They were not home-made. They had not been cooked in the theatre!

“‘Here comes Stoker,’ continued Mr. Irving, relapsing into his curious solemnity of manner; ‘let us ask him about it.’

“‘I say, Stoker, do you remember the home dinner you gave us at the Lyceum last Christmas?’

“Mr. Stoker stopped on his way across the stage, and stood like a statue of amazement, of indignation, of outraged virtue. ‘The dinner *I* gave you?’ he at last exclaimed. Then his loyalty to his chief triumphed, and he added, ‘Well, you may call it my dinner, if you like; but I have the original copy of the bill of fare in your own handwriting.’

“‘Ah!’ resumed Mr. Irving, quite placidly, as his acting manager dashed away, ‘I thought Stoker would remember that dinner!’

“‘This Christmas you will dine upon roast canvasbacks, instead of roast beef, and stewed terrapin, instead of smoked soup,’ I observed.

“‘Yes,’ replied the English actor; ‘I am told that Baltimore is the best place for those delicacies. But they will not seem strange to me; I have eaten canvasbacks at Christmas before.’

“‘In England?’

“‘Certainly. My first American manager—Papa

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